

Belmont Chronicle.

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The Belmont Chronicle.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1890

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Belmont Chronicle.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1890.

GENERAL FISK DEAD.

General Clinton B. Fisk is dead. His demise occurred at his home in New York City, on Wednesday 9th inst.

Fisk was born at York, Livingston county, N. Y., on December 8, 1828. In his childhood his family removed to Coldwater, Mich. As a young man he was successively merchant, miller and banker. In 1869 he removed to St. Louis, and was foremost in the slavery agitation, being connected with the "under-ground railroad" of ante-bellum days. At the beginning of the war he enlisted as a private and was speedily made Colonel of the Thirty-third Missouri regiment. He was made Brigadier General in '62 and in '65 was brevetted Major General of volunteers. During the entire conflict he served with distinction and gallantry.

General Fisk was actively instrumental in founding Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., and was a trustee of that institution, as also of Dickinson College, Pa., Drew Theo. Seminary, and Albion College, Mich.

He was a member of the M. E. church and as such was ever alert to its interests. In 1886 he was the prohibition candidate for Governor of New Jersey, and in 1888 headed the ticket of that party for Presidency. In his secular business he was engaged in railroading and insurance.

As a man he possessed sterling worth and undaunted zeal in pushing forward what he believed to be right.

The Turkish Government has sent a new note to the British Government demanding that it fix a date upon which Egypt will be evacuated by the British troops without the right of again occupying that country. When the English fix the date the Turks and the rest of the world will know that they entertain any notion of evacuating Egypt, but not till then. The English are not giving up any considerable land they may hold at present in Africa, and they are not likely to give up any, especially if it is as valuable a possession as the Nile country.

The custom of publishing a card, thanking friends for sympathy and assistance during the illness and after the death of friends is rapidly going out of style, and very properly. In civilized communities no neighbor will refuse his kindly offices at such a time, and to print a card of thanks is an intimation, no doubt, being unwilling, that such offices are unusual. If the family is indebted in more than usual measure to certain ones, its acknowledgments should be made privately.

An exchange very truly remarks that nothing opens so wide a door to vice, to evil, habits of every kind, as the absence of occupation. The downward course of many a promising youth, the ruin of many a hopeful life, may be distinctly traced to the void caused by having nothing definite to do. The faculties must be active, the energies must be at work; and if not employed for good, they will be for evil.

GREAT BRITAIN CANNOT VALUE CANADA much or it would not render itself liable to a muss with this country. Half of Canada is ready to come over to this country of its own accord now, and the first thing this Government would do immediately upon the beginning of hostilities would be to invade Canada and bring the other half over.

HENRY C. LEA, Esq., of Philadelphia, from whom so much has been expected to help elect Mr. Pattison, is out in an interview in which he boldly asserts "it will be labor thrown away to try to defeat Mr. Delamater." He sizes the Democratic ticket as full-fledged free-trade Democracy, and as such must be defeated.

THE remains of Ericsson, of Monitor fame, are shortly to be taken to his native land, Sweden, in a warship assigned especially for the duty. He was only a private citizen when he rendered his services to the country, too, it should be remembered. The United States is one Republic that is not ungrateful.

ACCORDING to the assessed valuation the real estate of New York City is worth \$66,711,716 more than it was last year. The growth in the wealth of New York seems to keep pace with the growth of its population.

MICHIGAN will not lack for plenty of ticks this year. The Patrons of Industry, the Farmers' Alliance, the Union Labor party and the Prohibitionists will all hold separate Conventions for the nomination of State officers this month.

PROTESTS from England against the McKinley bill only strengthen it in this country. They show that it is of the right stuff to protect American industries and to keep American trade at home that would otherwise go abroad.

In the Third Tennessee district Henry Clay Snodgrass will cross lanes with Henry Clay Evans for Congress. The race between these thoroughbred promises to be interesting.

The Wyoming volcano that is sending out great columns of lava, fire and smoke until Wyoming was actually admitted.

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angel who dwelt with him above.

The tenderest one was pity, the dearest one was love.

"Arise," he said, "my angel! a wall of woe and sin stands through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within."

"My harp takes up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells;

The smoke of torment clouds the light and brightens the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain

Let Love drop smiles of sunshine, and Pity tears like rain."

Two faces bowed before the throne, veiled in their golden hair;

Four wings of angels hastened swiftly down the dark aisles of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came

Where swung the loveliest and the truest, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith and trust, his hand held high.

Two hearts beat from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame where on it fell,

And, lo! the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,

Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than that of rain,

Amidst the hush of wing and song, the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angel! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;

Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

HIS REWARD.

Dr. Chester, hurrying along the upper part of New York, still only half finished and seemingly with years of incompletion behind him, saw as he picked his way through the mud of an unpaved crossing a sight that made him furious.

Some eight or nine boys—not the children of the poor, but well dressed little fellows from the Queen Anne residences

of the neighborhood—were standing about the rubbish of a new excavation abandoned for the time by the workmen, and who seemed to be quite innocent of any offense against decency.

So far the scene was not physically repulsive. But even as he looked one of the boys, by the largest boy of the crowd struck the man upon the head and wounded it. The blood gushed forth and the boys, frightened at last by what they had done, dispersed in all directions and were out of sight before the doctor, even with his long strides, had reached to spot.

"These boys have hurt you," he said, bending over the man, who was trying to get up, but with the fragment of an old handkerchief.

"Yes," said the man. "It looks awfully sore to sit here and stand it, I suppose, but a fellow in clothes like mine would soon get himself arrested if he punished boys that did this sort of thing. It's a bad world for empty pockets."

"That's true," said the doctor. "See here, I always have some sticking plaster in my pocket. I'll fix the cut for you."

"And asking off his gloves he produced the little case with his plaster scissors and skillfully dressed the wound."

"I suppose you are out of employment?" he said when he had finished.

"I am out of everything," said the man, looking downcast. "My friends, luck and food and shelter just now. I wonder I haven't made a hole in the wall. Why men live when there is nothing to live for is one of the mysteries of this life."

"We have something to live for," said the doctor, "though a hungry man don't think so. You are young and strong. Be temperate and you'll feel well again. Let me help you out for today, and after you've eaten and slept to-night, let me see if I can't get you a rough work—but it will be a start—if you want it, and come to me to-morrow."

"Thank you," said the man, rising; "and God bless you. If I don't come back, don't come at all. But I think I'll come."

He took the dollar that the doctor gave him with his card, and bowed in a way that proved that he had not always been a beggar. The doctor obeyed the impulse of the moment, and with a smile offered the man his hand. He saw that this was no ordinary tramp. For that sort of creature there is no hope and no help. He is so lost that he scarcely deserves mercy, and the doctor knew it well; but to him a friendly hand grasp was good medicine. It had its effect. A light came into the dull eyes, a smile moved the mouth.

"I cannot express my obligations for your kindness," he said, earnestly.

So they parted. The doctor felt touched, and was rather pleased with himself, and a little further on, meeting a boy who recognized him as the poor man's assailant, he took him by the ear and gave him a lecture, threatening to take him to his father and expose his conduct. However, he did not do it, nor did the boy fear that he would.

"I didn't throw the stone that cut the fellow," he said. "It was Tibbs."

"How would Tibbs like to be arrested?" asked the doctor. Then he walked on and the incident faded into insignificance. After all, it was unlikely that the man would come back to him.

The doctor was a very popular man in the upper part of the city, and his day was well filled. He was, besides, very kind, and both his patients and his friends were about him. He was about to make an offer of his hand and heart to a lady of whose feelings he had very little doubt, and he intended to deposit in a certain bank a sum of money which he carried about with him. It was a large one—the half yearly salary he had received from the managers of an orphan asylum to which he was physician.

Such a sum would endanger a man's life if he were to lose it. He had it, however, as he walked across those newly cut streets or past blocks of untenanted houses. But then, who knew? And the doctor was large and muscular.

Need one ask whether his steps first lit on the pavement? Naturally the feet of his lady love. She was young enough to look all the sweeter in the bright light of day, and her pretty morning dress became her. She had expected the offer and accepted it without affectation, and

THE DOCTOR MADE ALL SORTS OF charming speeches and was permitted more than one kiss.

At last, however, he was obliged to say adieu, and as he ran down the steps he said to himself that he was the happiest fellow alive. Already out of fear of poverty, engaged to the only girl he ever loved, healthy, and with a clear conscience, what young professional man was ever in better case?

He passed the spot where he had that morning seen the boys stoning the unfortunate man, the picture arose once more before him. What a contrast in their positions, he thought to himself! Well, he had worked for it, and no doubt that poor fellow had worked as hard in another way to bring upon himself the fate that befell him. Still it was pitiful.

"Parents who did their best by me, a happy home, more kindness than I deserve have been mine," he said. "What do I know what the man's childhood was? I hope he will come to me to-morrow. I am glad I helped him a little."

He was yet to be still gladder. How little we know what threads of good or ill we weave into our lives by what seem our most unimportant actions.

From house to house the doctor went. Anxious mothers kept him on in talk. There were those who felt that their well being depended on telling the doctor all about that "queer sensation" and that "worried feeling," and banking hours were long over when he emerged from the residence of the last patient upon his list, and, indeed, it was growing quite dark, and, like all healthy men, the doctor was growing hungry, and his dinner awaited him.

He stepped forward briskly, but had only gone a few steps when an old woman approached him, wringing her hands and sobbing:

"You're Dr. Chester, aren't you, sir?" she cried. "Oh, doctor, dear! you're wanted immediate—it's my old man he's taken bad down on our shanty by the railroad. He fell upon the floor, he died, and it's useless he's lying! I've the money. Come, doctor, come along; a minute may name life. It's near—"

"Then why didn't you go to Dr. O'Shane? His office is close by you," said the doctor.

"I did, but he was away," said the old woman. "An sure but what I knowed your face, and you the kindest doctor anywhere, I'd not have stopped you. I've the money to pay."

But it was not the fee the doctor was thinking of. He felt a curious reluctance to do what the old woman asked. Naturally, he commented inwardly, nature demands rest and refreshment. Still the case was one that called for immediate action, and in a minute he was on his feet.

"Go on, I'll come with you," and followed her westward.

It was a lonely walk across unlighted streets and down some wooden steps to the rails of the Hudson River road. Not a light was in sight, but a light gleamed from the windows of a dilapidated shanty by the road side, and the woman hobbled in that direction. She entered the door; he followed her.

A man was lying upon the floor. The doctor knelt beside him. As he did so, some one from behind pinioned his arms. The supposed patient sprang up and seized him about the waist, and in an instant, strong though he was, he lay bound and helpless upon the floor. Four stout men stood before him. One rifled his pockets while another examined a handkerchief lying in his mouth. Before his eyes they examined his watch and counted the money in his pocket "book."

"It's a good haul," one of the men said. "Come, we must lose no time. No one will find that fellow before to-morrow, still we must get away."

"But shoot him before we go—dead men tell no tales," said the man who had played the part of invalid.

"Throw him on the track," said the third of the group. "The railroad folks will help us keep our secret."

The fourth said nothing, but stooping, lifted the doctor by the shoulders, and the others followed his example.

In vain Dr. Chester strove to break his bonds or to utter a prayer for mercy. They dragged him toward the track and flung him across. Not content with this, they bound him by other cords to the rails, and left him thus fettered to his fate; and thus the happiest day of his life had ended.

Full of youth and hope, and with gleams of living, he must die, and such a horrible death! He strove to meet his fate like a man, but the thought of his betrothed wife was too much for him. He managed by degrees to thrust the handkerchief from his mouth with his teeth, and he did so; he felt the rails, and beneath him—the engine was approaching! It was far away yet; but what hope was there that he would be heard before it was upon him? Again he shouted—again, still again as he saw the gleam from the head light of the approaching engine shine out thro' the darkness!

His case seemed hopeless, but he spent all his strength in one wild cry of "Help! On the rails here! Tied to the rails! Help! Help!"

"Courage! Here we are!" shouted a voice near by. "Courage! courage!" Some one knelt beside him, some one gasped. "Don't despair, I've got a knife with me."

One of the cords was cut—another—he was freed from the rails and clasped in the arms of his preserver, rolled over into the little gully beside the track, safe out of harm's way, just as the express flew by at full speed. And now there were others to help. Stout policemen with clubs and pistols who helped the first arrival to free the doctor from all his bonds, and by the light of their lanterns he looked into the face of his preserver, and saw the man to whom he had acted the good Samaritan that morning.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "How did it come that I owe my life to you?"

"You owe it to your own kindness, doctor," said the man. "An hour ago I found a lodging in a low tavern near this spot. I had crept into a bunk without removing my clothes, when four men came into the room. They fancied it empty, for early hours are not the fashion at that place, and talked freely, though in whispers. One of them had some papers of conscience about having left you tied on the track, and spoke your name aloud, saying you were kind to the poor. Happily I am quick at hearing and jump at ideas. I crept out of my bunk behind their backs, jumped

PROTECTION IN FRANCE.

How It Has Affected Her Industries and Her Prosperity.

Perhaps the experience of France, a nation that has steadily adhered to Protection, may add to the evidence already given in favor of unwavering adherence to the protective policy. At any rate her experiences are interesting and instructive to students of the tariff.

At the beginning of this century France found herself exhausted by bloody wars of about twenty years' duration, and for two years afterwards devoured by hostile armies and subjected to an enormous contribution. To all appearances she was crushed. In three years she recovered from her suffering and was among the most prosperous nations of Europe.

"And whence has this mighty change arisen?" inquired an eminent writer of over half a century ago.

And the reply came promptly: "She fostered and protected the 'industrial' subjects. This is the only genuine source of wealth. She submitted in some cases to pay higher prices for inferior articles in the infidelity of her established industries, the economy of the finished articles from abroad. The consequence of this sound policy was that in a short space of time her own manufactures arrived at perfection and were sold at lower prices than foreign."

Over half a century ago, in a 'Vieille France', the celebrated political economist, Chaptal, said:

"Should we then have abandoned these attempts at manufacturing superiority? No; we should persevere and carry our own labor to perfection. Such is the course we have pursued, and such is the skill to which we have arrived that our industry has already excited the jealousy of Great Britain, the country which has derived its nation from which we have derived it."

What has been the result of this policy to France?

In 1813 by four branches—the cotton, linen, woolen and silk—the Great Britain gained a clear profit of \$215,000,000. Colquhoun, "Wealth, Power and Resources of Great Britain," page 91. At that time, according to Mulhall (see "Progress of Nations," page 245), the manufacturing industry of France did not, in its entirety, amount to more than \$300,000,000, of which silk stood for one-half. According to the same authority it now exceeds \$2,000,000,000, classified as follows:

Textile factories.	Operations.	Products.
Cotton mills.	770,000	\$600,000,000
Woolen mills.	130,000	400,000,000
Flax and linen.	100,000	100,000,000
Silks and leather.	80,000	180,000,000
Sugar, candles, etc.	100,000	100,000,000
Sugar and leather.	90,000	100,000,000
Furniture, jewelry, etc.	80,000	100,000,000
Metals and minerals.	80,000	100,000,000
Total.	1,500,000	\$2,000,000,000

Textile fabrics, which now employ about 3,000 steam engines, 10,000,000 spindles and nearly 800,000 operatives in France, have almost wholly supplanted the cotton industry of Great Britain since 1842, the total product of France then being \$750,000,000, against about \$700,000,000 at the present time.

It is possible for Free-traders to explain satisfactorily the decline of the woolen and worsted industry in England and its increase of 87 per cent in the last thirty years in France?

The decline of the cotton industry since 1842 in France, and the increase of 80 per cent during the same time in France?

The decline of the linen industry in England and Ireland and its increase in France?

The decline of the hand made lace trade in Great Britain and its increase of 130 per cent in France?

A second time in this century France passed through an exhausting war and a second time paid an enormous contribution to the victors. Yet, to use the words of an English writer, "France under Protection is better off than England under Free-trade." All who will may see that countries like the United States and France not only prosper under Protection but can easily bear calamities which would crush England as long as she keeps her present policy.

NO KICKING TOLERATED.

Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

There is one place, at least, in which no kicking is tolerated, and that is in the Roman priesthood. A recalcitrant priest is soon brought to terms or speedily unfrocked. The latest instance is furnished in the case of Father Burstell, the friend and counselor of Dr. McGlynn.

Dr. Burstell, who is widely known as an authority on the law and polity of the Catholic Church, did not conceal his sympathy for Dr. McGlynn even after that fearless thinker had been excommunicated. A former parishioner of the anti-poverty champion died suddenly while attending one of his meetings, and because of the offense of having listened to an unlicensed priest, he was denied burial in his own lot in Calvary Cemetery. A suit was brought by the representatives of the deceased, and Dr. Burstell, having been called as an expert in church law, denied that attendance at a meeting addressed by an excommunicated priest was an offense which placed a person beyond the pale of the Church.

Archbishop Corrigan found a kicker on his hands, and he at once ordered Dr. Burstell to leave his church in New York to a country parish. The doctor thought he knew the law quite as well as did the Archbishop, and he appealed to Rome. It is announced that the Pope of the whole case, has ratified the action of the Propaganda sustaining the Archbishop. Now Dr. Burstell, learned as he is in ecclesiastical law, must either submit or take the consequences of daring further to differ with his superior authority. One of the points made by the doctor was that the Church had no right to control the political actions or opinions of its members, but without giving a direct answer to this the Holy Father gives notice, once for all, that he will tolerate no kickers in the priesthood.

"You may say what you like, mother, George no longer loves me."

"Why, my child, how did you get that silly notion into your head?"

"Oh, very simply, and only too quickly! When he takes me home nowadays he always chooses the shortest road."

There were snow and ice on Mt. Washington Thursday morning.

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